EDINBURGH's SALUTATION

To the Moſt Honourable,

My Lord Marqueſs of CARNARVON.

WELCOME, my Lord, Heav'n be your Guide,
And furder your Intention
To what e'er Place you ſail or ride
To brighten your Invention.
The Book of Mankind lang and wide
Is well worth your Attention:
Wherefore, pleaſe ſome Time here abide,
And meaſure the Demention
Of Minds right ſtout.

O that ilk worthy *Britiſh* Peer
Wad follow your Example,
My auld Gray Head I yet wad rear,
And ſpread my Skirts mair ample.
Shou'd *London* poutch up a' the Gear?
She might ſpare me a Sample:
In trowth his HIGHNESS ſhou'd live here;
For without Oyl our Lamp will
Gang blinkan out.

Lang ſyn, my Lord, I had a Court,
And Nobles fill'd my Cawſy;
But ſince I have been Fortune's Sport
I look nae haff ſae gawſy.
Yet here brave Gentlemen reſort,
And mony a handſome Laſſy;
Now that you'r lodg'd within my Port,
Fou well I wat they'll a' ſay,
Welcome, my LORD.

For you my beſt Cheer I'll produce,
I'll no make muckle vaunting;
But rowth for Pleaſure and for Uſe,
What ever you be wanting,
You's have at Will to chap and chuſe,
For few Things am I ſcant in:
The Wale of well-ſet Ruby Juice,
When you like to be rantin,
I can afford!

Than I, nor *Paris*, nor *Madrid*,
Nor *Rome*, I trew's mair able
To buſk you up a better Bed,
Or trim a tighter Table.
My Sons are honourably bred,
To Truth and Friendſhip ſtable:
What my detracting Faes have ſaid,
You'll find a feigned Fable,
At the firſt Sight!

May Claſſic Lear and Letters Belle,
And Traveling conſpire,
Ilk unjuſt Notion to repell,
And God-like Thoughts inſpire;
That in ilk Action wiſe and ſnell
You may ſhaw Manly Fire:
Sae the fair Picture of himſell,
Will give his Grace your SIRE
Immenſe Delight.

A. RAMSAY.

EDIN. 17. May,
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